

T H E
S O N G S,
C H O R U S E S, &c.

VINEYARD REVELS;

O R,

HARLEQUIN BACCHANAL.

Set by Mr. DIBDIN.

PERFORMED AT

SADLER'S WELLS.

Price Three-pence.

BACCHUS, - - - - - Mr. KEAR.
SILENUS, - - - - - Mr. LOWE.
BACCHANTS, } Miss DOWSON,
 } Mrs. BURNETT, and others.





F U L L C H O R U S.

COME away ! come away !
Sons of Rapture, come away !
Laugh and love and sport and play,
This is *Bacchus'* Holiday.

R E C I T A T I V E.

B A C C H U S.

Now e're yet the golden Sun
All his fiery Course hath run ;
E're from the Atlantic steep
His Steeds shall plunge into the Deep ;
Painting with cælestial Red
A Blush about his wat'ry Bed.
Festive Satyrs, Nymphs, and Fawns,
Thro' the Woods and o'er the Lawns,
Dance the fleeting Hours away,
And carrol the departing Day.

A I R.

S I L E N U S.

Ever banish'd till to-morrow,
Be the Thought of Pain and Sorrow.
Bacchus (Child of *Jove*) to thee
All the present I decree.

In thy still replenish'd Bowl,
Let me lave my thirsty Soul !
Bid thy Wreaths my Temples twine ;
Give me Rivers, Floods of Wine.

CHORUS of Bacchanals.

Bid thy Wreaths our Temples twine ;
Give us Rivers, Floods of Wine !

C A T C H.

- | | |
|-----|--|
| Ist | { What is Wine ?—O tell us, tell us !
Name its Pow'r, ye jovial Fellows ! |
| IID | { 'Tis Wit, 'tis Riches, Courage, Pleasure !
Wine's a great—a mighty Treasure ! |
| IID | { Drink then, drink ! enjoy the Blessing !
Life with Wine is worth possessing. |

R E C I-

RECITATIVE.

BACCHUS.

Now with nimble Frisk and Bound,
 Gliding o'er th' enchanted Ground,
 Let a chosen Crew advance,
 And mingle in the mazy Danee.

Shifting, turning, rising, sinking,
 While the Rest keep Time with drinking.

(A D A N C E.)

RECITATIVE.

BACCHUS.

Behold! faint, spiritless, and flow,
 Th' expiring Tun hath ceas'd to flow.

Yet from the Lees a motley Sprite,
 A Form fantastic shall arise,
 To chace dull Reason with Delight
 And mock the Scruples of the Wise.



A I R.

BACCHUS.

Son of Bacchus ! Child of Mirth !
 Go posses thy subject Earth !

Busy

A I R.

SILENUS.

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 Be the Thought of Pain and Sorrow.
Bacchus (Child of *Jove*) to thee
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R E C I-

(5)

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B A C C H U S.

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* * * * *

A I R.

B A C C H U S.

Song of Bacchus ! Child of Mirth !
Go posses thy subject Earth !

Busy

Busy Mortals shall adore thee ;
Love and Beauty fall before thee.

And when rifled ev'ry Blessing,
Cloy'd and sated with possessing,
Hither to thy native Plain
Happy Phantom, haste again !

HOP-PICKER's SONG.

Mr. LOWE, Mr. KEAR, Mrs. BURNETT,
and Miss DOWSON.

V I T A G E .

Come Neighbours away ! to the Hop-ground away !
Behold the bright Season invite
Where Pleasure attends on the Toils of the Day
And Labour is crowned with Delight.

Haste, haste then, and strip as it bends from the
Pole,
The Fruit that gives Vigour and Strength to the
Soul,
When destin'd our Hearts and our Spirits to cheer
It warms and enlivens the true *British Beer*.

C H O R U S.

Let innocent Mirth a loud Harmony raise,
And Rapture pour forth all our Songs in its Praise !
'Tis the Liquor we love, 'tis the Juice we revere,
'Tis the Spring of our Courage, the true *British Beer*.

II.

Content with the Riches of *Britain's fair Isle*,
 Let the Subjects of *Britain* rejoice,
 May no foreign Vintage our Senses beguile,
 No Stream of the Grape have our Voice !

Rich Harvests of Corn shall their full Measures
 yield,
 And the Flavour of Hops crown the Juice of the
 Field ;
 Sport, Pleasure and Love, banish Sorrow and Fear,
 While we toss off our Cans of the true *British Beer*.

C H O R U S,

Let innocent Mirth, &c.

R E C I T A T I V E.

A S A T Y R.

Why Son of *Bacchus* this Despair ?
 Exert thy Pow'r, restore the Fair !
 And to the Regions of the Vine,
 Transport the lovely *Colombine*.

BACCHUS and his Followers attended by PEACE,
 PLENTY, &c.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Again, ye frolick Pair, behold
 Restored to Earth the Age of Gold !

Here

(8)

Here rest from Toil, your Hours employ
In never ending Scenes of Joy !
The Climate this that Heav'n shall bless
The Seat of perfect Happiness

A D A N C E.

Concluding C H O R U S.

Hail ! happy *Britain*, favour'd Isle !
Where Peace and Plenty ever smile,
These are the Riches of the Free,
And such the Sweets of Liberty.

F I N I S.
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